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TARANTULA;

OR, THE

DANCE OF FOOLS.

A Satirical Work.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "RISING SUN," &c.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. F. HUGHES, NO. 5, WIGMORE STREET; AND NO. 15, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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THE

TARANTULA,

&c. &c.

Mundungus.—Enough;—I am perfectly sick of *noble fools.*—But, however sceptical you may be in other matters, you surely must allow that the Areopagus of Athens, and the Forum at Rome, never resounded with more eloquence, and patriotic effusions, than Saint Stephen's Chapel.

Grumblerius—Why, look ye;—I have

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spent, or rather mispent, a whole session in attendance at Saint Stephen's, in hopes to see and hear somewhat that might heighten my opinion of mankind; but Titus's *perdidi diem* was a trifling loss, compared with mine, as I lost not only days but nights too.—Though the nation was at that time in the most imminent danger, even of being enslaved, the *Outs* were abusing the *Ins*, who retaliated with such acrimony, that, to take their own words for it, they were only striving for plunder, and preying upon the vitals of the public. Therefore, you, instead of convincing me of their wisdom, must allow, that, if their mutual accusations were true, they were rogues,—if false, they were *fools* to debase the dignity of so solemn a tribunal.—Dignity did I say?

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—Body o'me! I retract the word.—Nothing of it, I assure you.—On entering the lobby, you would generally hear the following, or like expressions: "By G—! I was so severely nicked, by the last match between Gully and Gregson, that I have scarcely been able to hold up my head since."—"I was cursedly bit there, too; but the Cock-pit and hazard have brought me round, and I shall be flush against the next spring meeting."—"D——me! if she is not the finest woman upon the town;—a rare bit of blood, but cursed extravagant in her price; would put the prime minister to his ways and means."——Upon my expressing my surprise to a bye-stander, that they were thus suffered to disturb the avenues to the grand council of the realm, he stared at

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me for my ignorance, and informed me that these were some of the *main pillars* of our *glorious constitution!!*——Thinking that I could scarcely add to the confusion of sounds, I did not scruple to vent my still greater surprize, after the manner of my Uncle Toby, and whistled *Lillabulero.*

Mundungus.—But this was only previous to entering upon business.

Grumblerius.—Well, and let us enter upon business with them.—When the Chaplain came to read prayers, his audience were divided into different groupes, some peeling oranges, others reading play-bills, and others making parties at whist at the adjacent coffee-houses, to avoid the insupportable tedium of hearing dull debates, and to be in the way when

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they should be wanted to vote. I have already told you the nature of the debates, and shall only add—" Whilst cooks quarrel, the meat is spoiled;" and—

" Boni pastoris est oves tondere, non deglutere."

Which maxim, if not attended to, may in time bring on a *rot* among the *public flock*.

Mundungus.—What say you to the Upper House?

Grumblerius.—I observed much more decorum there, I must confess; but their debates were only the counterparts of the Lower House, and all the burthen of the time was—

THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

Now, this gluttony may defeat its own end, and is, therefore, the veriest piece

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of *folly*;—as one cannot eat one's cake and have it too, it would be wise to eke it out. But whilst it is an established maxim, that no minister can hold the reins who cannot command a majority of above seventy, whilst the minister replenishes the Upper House with successive batches from the Lower House, to command a majority there, and lavishes the public money to glut rotten boroughs, and maintain his ascendency in the Lower House, to expect a retrenchment of the vast public expenditure would be to watch the falling of the sky to catch larks.

Mundungus.—You are a friend to a parliamentary reform, I hear.

Grumblerius.—And he who is not is no friend to his country! Enter a town on the eve of an election, which has dis-

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turbed its peace for months before, and caused dissensions, envy, jealousy, drunkenness, and accidents, and you cannot but exclaim, "Lop me off this villanous excrescence of the constitution.—Strangle corruption by rendering the right of voting universal, or at least more general."—Address one of those fools whom continual ebriety has besotted into drivelling ideotism, and ask the cause of the riot, for these scenes deserve no better term." "*Lectioneering* for a parliament man, Sir!" —"But cannot that be done without arming yourselves with bludgeons, and knocking one another on the head?"—"Lord, Sir, there's the fun of it. The candidates make us drunk, and when we're drunk we fight."—"The greater *fools* you to make beasts of yourselves."—"Nay, Sir, I

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think the great folks be the fools to make beasts of us."—" You are right there; they first make beasts of you, and then claim the honor of being your representatives.—Such parents as Corruption and Ebriety must have a beastly issue; but although we have had a *parliamentum indoctum*, and a rump parliament, avaunt the idea of a *parliamentum belluinum!*—Well, friend, how long has the canvas already lasted?"—" About six weeks, I think, Sir."—" And when will the poll be closed?"—" In about another fortnight, I've heard." " So that in two months, you put the successful candidates to such enormous expense in making beasts of you, that they cannot indemnify themselves, without making *fools* and Smithfield bargains of you for seven years

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to come." Now, Mundungus, who can wonder, that such a nation is overwhelmed with debt; betwixt freeholders, who show their septennial importance for a month or two, at the expense of being fleeced during all the rest of the period? This is a very foolish bargain, to be *fools* during seven years for the sake of being mad during six or eight weeks, for electioneering is certainly a *mania*, and neglect of business a sure symptom of it.—The cobler leaves his stall, and a prudent man would shave himself; for if he can get a barber to operate, it is ten to one but it is at the expense of much skin and blood.—But let us have a story.

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THE MAD BARBER;

OR,

GENERAL ELECTION.

"Heyday! friend Strap, with what an air
Thou tossest me the elbow chair!
Why put'st thou this important face on?
Thou'lt flirt the lather o'er the bason.
How flippantly thy razor goes!
Hold, hold you dog, you'll cut my nose!
Pr'ythee, my friend, don't shave so fast."
"Sir, you'll excuse me; I'm in haste;
I must not make his honor wait,
The member's coach is at his gate;
And he depends upon my vote.—
I must begone, and change my coat.
The poll comes on soon after nine,
And then at three the voters dine.
I'd rather eat a bit at home,
But Mr. May'r desir'd I'd come."

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"Well, now, I hope, the bustle's ended,
And little folks may be attended;—
Thou'lt now recover thy humility,
And treat us with thy old civility;
Again vouchsafe to tell the news;
Nay, brush my coat, or wipe my shoes.
Now, all thy consequence is gone,
No longer Mister, but plain John.
Dwindled again to honest Strap,
Thou'lt mow our beard without mishap;
And, since election treats are o'er,
Shave calmly on for *seven years* more."

Mundungus.—If these *Esaus* thus sell their birthrights, for messes of porridge, what can they expect but that they shall be sold again?

Grumblerius. — Aye, what, indeed! Who has not read in the newspapers, prior to an election—"Wanted a *close* seat in a certain assembly"—"To be dis-

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posed of, a seat in a certain assembly for two thousand guineas!"—Are these advertisements a libel on the constitution, or is the constitution a libel on itself. What are the chief requisites to gain a seat? Meanness, fawning, dissimulation and corruption. What can be expected from these beginnings, but self-interested, mercenary placemen, pensioners, contractors, and loan jobbers. If a young M. P. has interest, he is immediately accommodated with a *slice of the loaf;* if not, he assumes the prostituted title of a patriot, and mouths himself into the popular favor.

" ———— Gull them but with freedom,
" And you shall see them toss their tails, and gad
" As if some breeze had stung them."

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Mr. T—lw—ll will give the necessary instructions, in return for guineas, and condescendingly furnish young beginners with speeches, on all occasions, as parson J—— H—— T—— trains his parrot, Sir F—— B——. When the speeches are to be delivered, a white cambric handkerchief should be used to wipe the foam from the mouth; the hands should be tossed about like those of a maniac, or Sir R——d H——; the feet should keep up a roar on the floor; I and the people should be introduced in every sentence throughout the piece, as pot-companions, and inseparable cronies; and all this is not worth a pinch of snuff, if the ball be not kept up for two or three hours at least; for it should be observed that *prolixity*, though deemed a proof of folly in unlet-

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tered clowns, and old men, is supposed to be quite the contrary in lawyers, and members of parliament. The former expect a fee, and the latter a place, a pension, proportioned to the time during which they have trespassed on *common sense*.—" Talk—talk, my son—sense if you can;—but talk at any rate!" When *John Bull* begins to bellow out the orator's fame, the minister will think him worth buying; but he bravely stands out—*till he gets his price*. The apostate will then laugh at his former friends, and pick grains out of horse dung for the minister.

Mundungus.—Nothing can be more evident than that both the constituents and constituted must be *fools* to sell their posterity for a present advantage. It is the madness of a man, who enters into wed-

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lock to gratify his appetite, with an incurable disorder on him which he entails on his miserable progeny for ages.

Grumblerius.—You've hit the bull's eye. —It is the most egregious folly in the people to think of reforming the parliament; they must begin to reform themselves. If every one of them would act as a certain honest son of Crispin—but we'll have the story.

THE

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE;

AND

PATRIOTIC COBLER.

A sprucely drest, *right honorable fool,*
To honest Jobson came, and made a leg—
" Your most obedient, Sir—pray, keep your stool,
" I hope you're very well—I come to beg—"

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"To *beg*—of me!" quoth Jobson, with a stare—
"Your *vote*, dear Sir—the election's near at hand."
"I sha'n't," quoth Jobson;—"'twou'd, indeed, be rare,
"To gi' my vote, avore I knows my man.

"Can't know a man, avore have hob-a-nobb'd"—
"Right, my good friend!—We'll have a mug of ale."
"Noa, noa, we won't—I'se not to be so fobb'd—
"Yeale in election time!—A pretty tale!—

"The other *gemmen* gi' red clarut winde"—
"Ale, did I say?--good joke!--meant wine,—he! he!
"At the Boar's Head the very best you'll find—
"Do me the honor, Sir, to walk with me."

"Sha'n't stir an inch, that's vlat—no,—Mind to treat,
"Zend for the winde--my stall has seen good drinking;
"Here's half my bench"—(his honor took his seat)
[winking.—
"'Tisn't the *Treas'ry Bench*," quoth Jobson,

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" But here's no pay vor work that's never done,—
[joke!"—
" Your honor understands?"—" Yes, faith, good
" Thee'rt zeated now upon St. Crispin's throne—
" Enjoy thyzel, now do;—do'st ever smoke?

" Sha't ha' a pipe—take mine; (the stump he rubs)
" Here, bring a light, Nell!"—Quickly she obeys—
His honor slobbers Nell, and hugs her cubs—
Nell, cubs, and 'bacco, then he falls to praise.

" They're good eno' for me, but thee know'st well"—
Quoth Jobson—" I'm to vote—what zay'st to me?
" Gi' I a buss, such as thee gi'st to Nell."—
'Twas done—and now for the catastrophe.

Sticking his thumbs in leathern apron string;
Eyeing his honor with profound disdain;
Jobson address'd the *honorable thing*—
A better orator deserv'd the strain.

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" If o' thysel thee'rt not asham'd—I swear,
[vace;—
" Thee'st eaten shame, and drank on't,—wi' brass
" I, a poor snob, blush vor thee, ear to ear;—
" How couldst thee thrust thy nose in such a place?

" What can'st thee think of kissing such a beast,
" And making o' thyzel the vool o' th' farce?
" Thee *parl'ment mon!* get out! to share the veast,
[a—e!"
" Thee wouldst not stick to kiss the *great man's*

Mundungus.—Ha! ha! ha! this was a right "*merrie and conceitede*" cobler, as well as a genuine patriot. If every *foolish* candidate were to meet with a similar reception——

Grumblerius.—Whence should we fill the benches?—If matters were at the very best, we should be glad to compound

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for a sprinkling of *fools*. Your fools are your only men of business, and, therefore, we see few men in office but fools.

Mundungus. — The *country members*, I fancy, are the least *adulterated*.

Grumblerius.—They were before *turnpike* roads were made, which opened to them the *high way to corruption*. In the country, they prey upon hares and foxes; in town, the minister preys upon them. What can be expected from *country squires*, who know more about partridges than politics, and not one of whom, perhaps, has sense enough to compose so fine an epitaph, as Sir W——m C——s wrote for himself.

" Here lies W——m C——s, our late lord mayor,
Who has left this world, and gone to THAT THERE."

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Mundungus.—

Oh, rare!
You make me stare.

Grumblerius.—Let us look a little into their lives, the best part of which is spent in the stables and dog kennels. In these *academies*, an acquaintance springs up, which breeds a kind of equality between, or rather give the brute a superiority over the human race. Pay a visit to the house, or rather kennel of a keen sportsman, and you run the risk of meeting with Actæon's fate. On your entrance the master whistles or bawls out—"Here, Ringwood, Rockwood, Rouzer, Towzer, Jowler, Towler, Phœbe, Hebe,"—and you are instantly overwhelmed with the disagreeable effects of canine fondness, when not restrained within due bounds, to the utter discon-

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certment of your dress. Politeness makes you endure this torture, although the booby Squire never once conceives but that it is as agreeable to his guest as himself, and thinking to pay you a compliment, cries out:—"D——n, but the b——s are as fond of you as myself!"—Dinner being announced, you then imagine you are to get rid of your tormentors; but quite the contrary. The dogs rush in with you, (be ladies in company or not) and evince that they are more customary guests at their master's table, than a chaplain is at his lordship's. Scarcely are you seated before one lays his nose on your knee, on one side; whilst another solicits a scrap from your hand; if, unfortunately, you are polite enough to keep it from playing with your plate, knife or fork. Scarcely

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are the poultry carved, before the Squire, remarking that the poor creatures are half famished, and will be quiet enough when they have got their bellies full, tosses a leg of a fowl to one, a gizzard to a second, a liver to a third, and a carcass to a fourth. The guests are then suffered to be helped, as a species of less favoured, inferior visitors. But scarcely have your fork made two turns to your mouth before the dogs have finished their work, and again annoy you. Your best mode in this case is to capitulate by eating one mouthful and giving another to your tormentor alternately. If the booby Squire happens to be married, and you are summoned to the tea-table, your indignation is rouzed to behold, that even the fair sex are not exempt from this canine persecution, as the

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Squire would rather renounce any other creed, than that of '*Love me, love my dog.*' One lady's white muslin dress is soiled; another has her rose torn from her shoe; a third sighs for the rents made in an apron curiously and laboriously wrought by her own hands; whilst the Squire laughs at these misfortunes, and assures the sufferers that these are proofs of the dog's fondness for them. Should the ladies expect to have their tortures alleviated by a good dish of tea or coffee, perhaps some of the ungoverned animals have made a successful attack on the dairy, and lapped up all the cream, or added a little of their own water to it, and curdled the whole mass. The mistress, deserving of a better fate, blushes through shame and indignation at the tortures and disappointments of

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her guests, but dares not openly enter into competition with these rivals in her lord's affections.

Mundungus.—Faith, your description of this race of demi-brutes, is highly ludicrous, and a true, though disgusting, picture of human debasement.

Grumblerius.—Your Jehu is a no less impertinently troublesome, and a far more dangerous, companion. As all his ideas have been compressed into the study of the science of the whip, you need expect no other conversation from him, than what tends to that subject. "May the *farcy* seize me, if I won't any day match myself and my four bays against the famous Sir John Lade and his four greys, play or pay, either for skill, speed, or distance. Know myself—know my horses to a hair—can't

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touch 'em!" Imagining the subject to be as important to every other person as to himself, he obtrudes it upon all companies, and twists every other to his favorite one with astonishing perseverance and perversion. If the topic happen to be such, that he cannot lug it in, he metamorphoses a small stick, which serves to elucidate his oratory, when he cannot conveniently have a whip, and makes the motions of driving four in hand, *politely* crossing the conversation by making the well-known sounds of *letting out*, or *holding in*, horses, as if the subject was too trifling for his vast talents and genius. So much for the troublesome impertinents, and now for the danger of these kind of fools.—Although his phaeton is so towering that he can sit and look into a one pair of stairs window

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from it with ease; even should it be well known that his wife or mistress at that very moment is confined to her bed, by the fractures and bruises received from his overturning her, he never fails to watch the breaking up of the company, which is to him a never-failing source of self-praise in his *Jehu* capacity, and ends in his pertinaciously insisting upon one or other of the ladies gracing him and his equipage. Some dashing *belle*, wishing to be gazed at, or some modest miss, unable to parry his incessant intreaties, and almost violence, mounts with a palpitating heart, dreading, and not without reason, the fate of Apollo's son. We shall only add that the real coachman and the master have now changed places and manners.

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Mundungus.—I must allow that this is a dangerous *folly*, and a too frequent one.

Grumblerius.— Your *gentleman-groom*, or horse-jockey, is every whit as much a *fool*, though a less dangerous one to the person. He may be justly styled a *cabinet-fool*, since his sole importance consists in whispering, and looking or being in extreme haste. His groom is his *premier*, and, like the two kings of Brentford, they never converse but in a whisper, and are as inseparable as a Highlander and his plaid, or a dustman and his donkey. Address the master, whilst he is conversing with the man, and he seems to be too much enrapt to notice you. With his arms crossed, his eyes on the ground, and slapping his boot with his whip, or sucking the head of it, he continues the con-

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versation with his groom, from which you can only extract.—" Dam by Highflyer out of Venus.—Beacon course—two hundred guineas, half forfeits—speed but no wind—Across the flat."—At length, slowly raising his eyes, he just notices you, and gives you a familiar slap with his whip; but as if a most important idea (although it is well known he has not two and a half in his brain) had just come across him, he cries: " Excuse me for a moment;"—then putting his hands on the groom's shoulder, walks to a little distance, where they fall to whispering and making gestures, or rather contorsions. After keeping you waiting for more than a quarter of an hour (for if you attempt to leave him, he stops you by saying he has something particular to say to you and won't keep you two

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seconds) he turns towards you and exclaims—"Well, my dear boy! what news? Bought any new horses lately?—any to sell or match?—always ready, you know—*In a rum way potatoes—(in utrumque paratus!)* Eh, my boy?"—This is the sum of all he has to communicate to you, and after a like desultory kind of *Houyhnhnm* talk, he looks at his watch, and runs off in a canter to persuade you that he has a vast deal of business on his hands.

Mundungus.—But what say you to the sports of the field themselves?

Grumblerius.—I have not a violent objection to them where they are not made the whole business of a man's life, and subject of his conversation, to the annoyance of a vast majority of his Majesty's

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liege subjects, who have no turn that way. I must, however, communicate the fate of every fair one who unfortunately happens to be united to a keen sportsman. We have seen how the wife of the hunter fares, when he is at home, which is not one-tenth part of his time, and most of your *good shots* pay more attention to the breech of their gun than to that where a proper share of it ought to be paid.—With these exceptions, I will pass over the whole catalogue of field sports, except one, which calls for honest indignation—I mean that of PIGEON SHOOTING.—The holy writ allows us to kill the brute creation to support life—"*kill and eat*;"—but no where hints at our slaughtering them by dozens for idle sport. A match is made between a number of persons against an equal num-

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ber, to see which party can destroy most of a given number (generally some dozens) of these poor birds. The pigeons are conveyed to a box with a trap, which is opened when the gunner is ready, and the birds fly out exposed to the death-dealing level. He that kills most pigeons in the match is denominated *captain* of the day; performs the honours of the table, and stands elected as chairman of the meeting. The plague of it is, that the little world will imitate the great, even in their very *follies*, and some industrious, liberal-minded, landlords, are *generous* enough to offer a silver cup, or some other prize, to the best shot; but then it becomes part of the agreement, that whoever becomes a competitor, shall contribute his portion towards the value of the prize, pay for his

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pigeons, and dine at the ordinary. By these means, the generous landlord whips up a decent bill, and the considerations of ten or dozen pounds for pigeons, expenses of dinner, and liquors before and after it, usually makes each man's proportion amount to two or three guineas; send him home inebriated to his family, and awaken him the next morning to a head-ache, and dire reflection on his *folly*.—Much cannot undoubtedly be said in favor of his feelings who indulges frequently in this sort of amusement; and looking at it as a mere matter of sport, it is unworthy to be named with the more noble and manly sports of the field. One thing at least is certain; that *men of honor* ought not to be indifferent to the means by which the objects of their sport are obtain-

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ed. William Pope, Esq. at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, lost in one night sixty-four pigeons, which were found at the Old Hats, a public house on the Uxbridge road, noted for pigeon matches, and John Neale and Richard Norris were convicted of the theft at the Old Bailey.

Mundungus.—What basis can be so *broad-bottomed* as to support such a huge mass of flattery?

Grumblerius.—*Fools* countenance *fools*, and a consciousness of reciprocal *folly* is the cement of this stupendous fabric. Were every man hunch-backed, the excresence would not be looked upon as a deformity. There are certain mercenary persons, dealers in a base compound called *flattery*, who colour their portraits so high to please the fools, that an honest

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painter (ourself for instance) who should paint to the life, would be treated as an ass. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the stupid face of a young lord, with so much truth, that his father would not recognize the least likeness. At which the painter, being irritated, said to his friend, Bing, "My God, Bing, I did never paint a liker picture in all my life than this young lord; but by G-d, man, I did put a little sense in his face, and now, you see, neither his father nor friend know the *fool* again." Opie met with no better fate when he drew the portrait of a certain great personage. Flattery is the *arcanum* of every profession; and every professor, to succeed, must be a *parasite*.

Mundungus—I imagined that parasites

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had, in all ages, been branded with infamy.

Grumblerius. — You mistake. — The word '*parasite*' was a title of honor among the Athenians; who had their *parasitein*, religious officers, to whom the care of the barley, consecrated for the use of the temples, was committed. All the deities, who had temples erected to them in Athens, had likewise their parasites. This is no slight proof of the antiquity and dignity of parasites, who, Diodorus tells us, were selected from persons most eminent for wealth and probity. At Rome, Apollo had his parasites, who appear to have been also stage-players. Latinus, the first whose name has reached us, and who lived in the reign of Domitian, is mentioned by Suetonius, as a buffoon, or court-

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fool.—Martial has consecrated a very honourable passage to his memory, in which Latinus himself speaks.—

"Vos ne laurigeri Parasitum dicite Phœbi."

Juvenal, also, in one of his satires, introduces him as a first-rate actor. Thus the character of parasites, once respected as a religious office, degenerated till it became so abject as to signify those who live at other peoples' tables. How this came about, we are informed by Diodorus, who tells us, that "*the rich were for having parasites as well as Hercules; but, instead of chusing men of genius and character, they preferred the most abject flatterers.*"—At what time *authors* became parasites is uncertain; but we find them most egregious ones, as, without being permitted the tables of the great, they would meanly

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solicit at their gates, for a couple of guineas, in return for which they were to wash the blackamoor white,—that is, to so bedaub his lordship with flattery in the dedication to their next work, that his friends should not have recognized him, nor he have known himself, under that character, if his name had not been at the head of it. But things are now altered—*Tempora mutantur et* NOS *mutamur in illis.*" Authors have since discovered the meanness of the great, and that the public are the most liberal patrons; wherefore, lords are now become with them only a kind of *back-logs*, in the public fire, which warms and invigorates them; and they have left off flattering every body but—*themselves!* There is no saying how far their vanity would have carried

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them, as every scribbler was his own trumpeter, if the *republic of letters* had not been overset by a set of usurping tyrants, denominated *Critics* or *Reviewers*, who established a kind of despotic *monarchy* on its ruins.—Every poetaster thought himself another Horace, and was ready to exclaim with him,

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!"

With this vanity he would often forget himself and strike his head against the rafters of his Grub-street garret: but the critics soon gave their subjects to know, that no one should praise himself without previously throwing a sop into their Cerberian jaws. Critics, therefore, with all their pride, are only the parasites of

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the humbler authors, who crouch to, and bribe them; those whom they abuse are such as have never condescended to *hold a candle to the devil*, not even to make him their friend.—We are too well acquainted with the nature of modern criticism not to appreciate the value of their half-crown, eighteen-penny, and shilling, trash, and of the equally unmerited applause, or censure, which is bestowed in these prostituted vehicles. A close attention to reviews, and the publisher's names of the books reviewed, will evince that they panegyrize all the publications of the proprietor, and those with whom he is connected; whilst those of other publishers are cut up unmercifully, that their review may not be said to want *Seasoning*. If the proprietor, publisher, or editor,

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have a pique against any one of the trade, that is enough to condemn the work without looking farther than the title page, and the poor author reels under the blows of these bands of hireling assassins. One *satirist* has had the impudent arrogance to exhibit his own effigy in the frontispiece with a horse whip in his hand, and he is certainly more fit for a hackney coach driver than a satirist. Beneath his *feet* are strewed Juvenal, Perseus, and other Roman satirists, which is proper enough, as the nonsense, solicisms, and bad measure, which he suffers to come before the public, through his hands, have sufficiently told to the world that these works were never *in his head*. As this satirist is descended from a good family, they should have

manners – the editor of "The Satirist," a most bile wretch

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prevented him from exhibiting such public tokens of his *folly*. Aware, however, that his *Billingsgate* criticisms might bring on his own back that lash which he is represented as holding *in terrorem* over others, the world ought to know that a certain noted duellist has been admitted to a share of the concern, on condition of taking all assaults, and challenges *propriâ personâ*, and making the BEST of bad MANNERS. So that the public are to be tamely insulted by a blockhead and a bully, or fall a sacrifice to the latter, whose pistol *is his trade*.—Buonaparte is not better backed by bayonets, than the satirist by B~~eet~~ and his bullets.—This practice is a cheat, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. Let the public look to it! If

Captain Best

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Tippet the publisher of the Satirist

Tippet demand your half-crown, or threaten you with loss of fame, boldly answer, that the fame of an honest man does not depend on him, or his blackguards, whose own productions are the keenest satire upon themselves, or rather their parents, for having neglected to send them to a *charity school*. As *women* of the *town*, when trade fails them, turn bawds, so do broken down wits set up for critics; and both prostitute themselves, at the risk of being d——d in the next world, to avoid being starved in this. Hence there is no very material difference between bawd and critic.—In short, it would not be extraordinary to hear of a certain Satirist's becoming cock-bawd, bully, bridewell keeper, or negro driver, for which occupations, his language, manners,

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connections, and love of the lash, seem to qualify him peculiarly.—But enough of such reptiles, with whom we shall finish, by exclaiming, after the manner of the box-keepers at the theatres, when certain suspicious characters are seen lurking about: "*Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen.*"

Mundungus.—That, indeed, would be the best mode of preventing *venal* criticism.

Grumblerius.—Yes—no booty, no thief—no half-crown, no Satirist.—But, to go on with our subject, the most fashionable parasites are the *journalists*, because their vehicles are in every hand. In these, for an adequate fee of from half a guinea to ten or twenty guineas, every male and female, who are desirous of a niche in

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public notoriety, have their routs, drums, assemblies, masked balls, and sunday concerts, announced to all ranks, from a peer to a potatoe vender, to the *eclat* of themselves, the great joy of their hangers on, and, too often, no little mortification of their creditors. Through these, persons carrying on an infamous traffic in seats in a certain assembly, procure a sale, or purchase, and the members of said assembly deluge the world with their speeches, improved, amended, corrected, in orthography and grammar, to the amazement of those who know them well, yet never knew them to utter three coherent syllables in their lives. Through these registers of *folly*, people become *nominally* known as persons of *taste*, who would never, otherwise, have been distinguished from

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the fat and greasy herd; and the public, who pay for a sheet of news, are defrauded of one half by inserting the stale, uninteresting, common-place, stuff, of what is going forward among a parcel of *fools*, the utility of whose existence might be doubted, if Providence made even a *louse* in vain.

Mundungus.—But do you positively deny the existence of taste among us?

Grumblerius.—Taste! why no — one cannot put one's head out of one's door without being bored with our neighbour's taste.—Why now, for instance, there's the taste in building — the gothic taste— Can there be a finer sight to the contemplative mind, my friend, than to behold a venerable ruin, frowning with majestic dignity—a noble relic of times

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long gone by.—I cannot approach one of these edifices without awe and admiration —every tendril of ivy, that mantles round its turrets, is more interestingly beautiful to me, than all the gilt and bronze, lavished on a modern drawing room:— with what disgust must not one then be filled, on turning from such a sight, to behold a *modern gothic mansion?*—— Yes, by the Lord! 'tis even so.—Mr. Splasher Daub—sweet creature!—will make you as *complete* a *ruinous* tower, as he, or such as he, would wish to look upon; nay, indeed, to such a pitch has the rage for improvements arrived now, that I should not be surprized at seeing, shortly, grottos and hermitages *adorn*, or *beautify*, our principal streets and squares. I am told, indeed, that after the splash-

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ing and daubing, now going on, under the auspices of a very great, little, SPEAKER, I mean orator, are finished, it is intended to whitewash the outside of W———r Abbey; and, by the Lord, my friend! this is not the age of scepticism; for if a man will break through the walls of p———t to make a coach-way for himself and family, he will hardly stick at violating even the sanctuary of the Lord!—Cramp seize the fingers of the sacrilegious wretch, who first lays his trowel on it!—But, Sir, I could bear all this, nay more, he or you are welcome to insult my eyes with such objects at every turn, but, for Heavens sake! do not shock my ears by calling it beautifying—by the power of Patience! 'tis too much! I question whether the practice of parish officers exceeds this.

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It is a notorious fact, that every church-warden conceives he has a right to run up a long bill to the parish every year, for work that may, or may not, be wanted, in his line, for repairs of the church, &c. &c.—for instance—if he is a Mercer—he will new cover the seats; if a carpenter, he will take care to break and mend, and mend and break, half the pews in the church; if a painter and glazier, he will confer the same favor on the windows, taking care to re paint and re-gild, making wonderous fine the commandments, and the little plump-faced cherubins that guard them.—One of these pious, self-interested, locusts, however, happened to be of a trade, that rendered a *job* difficult to be accomplished—he was a goldsmith, and, unfortunately, his predecessor, being the

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same, had new-fashioned the communion plate, his only chance of success.—What was to be done? to fill the office without being able to have a finger in the pie, that others had helped themselves to so freely, was not to be borne;—to give up his *equitable* claims to another was still worse.—Oh, sweet invention! thou child of rigid necessity!—he made—not for himself—a golden image of the saint, whose name the church bore, together with an embroidered bag in which the little holy gentleman rested at night.—This, in a protestant church, appears singular,—but, good easy gutlers! not one of his cotemporaries had sense enough to see the impropriety; and his little saintship was not only caressed, but absolutely shared, if not in the demolition, at least

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in the honors of their grand dinners—for he was exhibited on the table—as a tacit approver, I suppose, in the person of their church, of their "merry pranks!" —On removing the cloth, after one of these *parish gorges*, St. Martin was missing; it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that he was on the table when they sat down; but, as he was not *eatable*, it would be the height of folly to expect his absence would be noticed at such a time by a churchwarden.—Enquiry immediately took place—all were interrogated, and every man denied the theft; nay, one of them, a poor author, who had, through great good fortune, been invited, and whose lips knew not what it was to taste such forbidden joys, as *calipash and calipee*, fired at the imputation, burst out—

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" I thank the gods, no such thoughts reproach me!
" No; I dare challenge *Guttle* here, to turn me outward,
" And shake my *pockets* empty in your sight;
" Then wonder not that I can bear, unmov'd,
" Those fix'd regards, and silent threats of Eyes."

——" Who steals my purse steals trash;—

(Trash, indeed! for it was full of holes, and did not appear to have had a stiver in it for ages.)

——" but he who filches from me——"

At the word filch, every man looked to his next neighbour—but said nothing; indeed, such was the effect of poor Tagg's exclamation, that even enquiry ceased for the moment, and he, I believe, was the only one not searched on taking leave.—The Saint was, however, lost; and it be-

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came a question, whether he had not flown up to Heaven's chancery, to report the scenes he had witnessed, or whether he might not have gone to prepare seats for his guardians below. They were not long tortured with suspense, for poor Tag, having occasion, some days after, to feel in the pockets of the coat he wore that day,—a coat which rarely made its appearance in public, once in seven days,—pulled out, along with a tattered handkerchief—his little Saintship!—Astonishment, fear, shame, and vexation, by turns assailed him——

> " A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
> " And his ears tinckled, and his colour fled"

whilst he gazed upon the Stranger; and I know not what would have been the

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effect on his feelings, had not his friend, who invited him to the fatal dinner, entered the room, at the instant, and, bursting into a fit of laughter, owned himself the author of the trick:—that he had secured the Saint, during dinner, by putting him into his neighbour's pocket, which happened to be that of the unfortunate poet.—St. Martin was, of course restored to the arms of the disconsolate church, who, I doubt not, received him with open ones; but I have not heard whether he has participated since in their "*merry orgies.*"

Mundungus.—Ha! ha! it was indeed a lucky recovery: but such examples of inattention, even during dinner, I should presume, rarely happen.

Grumblerius.—No, Sir.—Why I have

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known two men occupied in finding faults with, and the other defending, every thing on the table, so far hurried away by debate as to discover, by the time one had silenced the other, that the very object of their dispute had vanished from their sight;—this brings to my recollection the following fact.

THE

FEAST OF HARES.

Old Porpoise now rose, and with quizzical face,
Draw'l'd out a short stave, which some folks call a grace;
And having first told his good friends to start fair,
On *his own plate* he claps about two pounds of hare;—
These hares, I shou'd tell you, of which there were two,
He had previously order'd his host's wife to stew;
And, as *Caterer Primus*, exultingly boasted,

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'Twas a thousand times better than having 'em roasted.
Now, the very first mouthful he fancied 'em tough,
[enough;
And exclaim'd, with an oath, they were not stew'd
Then ringing for Boniface, open'd his mind,
In a strain that was gentle, obliging, and kind.
" You've spoilt the best hares I e'er saw in my life,
" And so you may tell your d——d stupid old wife;
" Such a scraggl'd, dried stick was ne'er plac'd on a table,
" Not a soul in the room, now, to eat it is able;—
" For by G-d, let your wife and you say what you may,
" 'Tis like mumping a gristle, or chewing chopt hay.
" And as for the gravy, why ' *may I be bitch'd,*'
" If 'tis any thing better than water bewitch'd."
This rhetoric rais'd the bold president's ire,
And his form at the instant seem'd half a foot higher,
Whilst he animadverted in strains loud and strong,
On Porpoise's growling, and prov'd he was wrong.
For, " Gemmen," says he, " now isn't it a shame,
" For a *feller* like Porpoise to throw all the blame
" Of spoiling the hares, *vich* I don't think the case,
" Upon Brown and his *vife?* an' I say to his face,

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"It's an insult to John, who has founded the feast,
"To eat like a hog, and thus growl like a beast."
"Stop! stay, my good Sirs!" cries out Quiz with a leer,
"Be calm, I intreat—what a pother is here!---
[flutter;---
"Such quarrels, 'mongst friends, put me quite in a
"Pray, Sir, be so kind as to hand me the butter.
"Now do, my dear Porpoise, sit down and be quiet,
"And you, my sweet Pres. do not kick up a riot;
"Here is Hoaxham, has giv'n his opinion upon't,
"And his fiat is *just* as it *ever* was wont;
[breath,
"For he says 'tis quite needless to waste so much
"Without you just want to be in---at the death;
"For whilst each may think his opponent has beaten---
[eaten."
"Nay, stare not!---by G-d both the hares we have

Mundungus.—Thank you, my dear Sir; and if you have a copy of them, I should be glad to shew them to Mrs. Trippet, who has kindly invited me to supper and cards

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this evening: and that is a family, by the bye, Grumblerius, in which the most scrutinizing eye cannot discover a folly.

Grumblerius.—Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! oh, Lord!—Why, I'll tell you what, Mundungus—there is some degree of art, aye, and not a small quantum neither, requisite in making a plumb-pudding; for if the ingredients are not as strictly observed, with respect to proportion, as the precise angle exhibited by Corporal Trim in reading Yorick's sermon, 'twill not be fit to eat;—but it is far more difficult, upon the same system of household "ways and means," to make a game of whist in the evening pay the expenses of a previous invitation.—You, I mean to say, will think so,—and yet there is nothing more simple—but *you knowing ones*—you *young*

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men of the world—terrible misnomer! are the last to see through this excellent piece of convenient domestic Machiavelism.—I think you was at Mrs. Trippet's last Wednesday evening, was you not?—drank tea and played at cards?—Yes—joined the young Trippets at the music party, and the old Trippets perhaps at the card party?—Well!—you never spent a more agreeable evening?—never—vastly fine, and are not your eyes yet opened?—"I do not understand you, my dear Grumblerius," cried Mundungus, breaking through this battery of interrogation, nor can I conceive what analogy there is between your questions, and the present subject of your animadversion."—Good, easy youth! but 'tis the lot of fools to be—*blind*.—Pray now, Mundungus, what did you lose

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at cards.—Seven Shillings!—Ha! Ha! and you won, what?—A *cup of tea.*—

—— If the film is not yet dissipated listen!

I know a lady, who has several daughters, what the world calls marriageable; and, without a shilling of fortune to give them, exacts and obtains more dancing attention from a certain description of youths of our sex, than any of her neighbours, whose property might entitle them to such "*obeysance*"—and this she effects by inviting a party of young men, for instance, to tea and music, which is of course eagerly accepted, and the expenses of the day are re-imbursed with interest by the introduction of cards, in which she and her Cara Sposa are partners—the half crowns roll merrily in—every one is de-

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lighted—'tis a most charming family—and this female chancellor of the exchequer, has found so many fools necessary for her purpose, that she has lately brought out a new budget.—Bracelets, ear-rings, and watches, are bought up at a cheap rate—of little sterling value, but very showy—emblems of herself and squad—these are handed about together with a prospectus—aye indeed, a scale of shares, to be—start not!—raffled for!!!— so that a pair of ear-rings which cost two guineas, will have ten subscribers of half a guinea each—four shares out of which, the family very generously take, leaving six remaining for any *gull* or *flat fish* whose mouth may be open.—The odds are trifling that her *firm* do not get the prize themselves; at all events, if they lose it, they have a profit

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of fifty per cent. on the original cost.—I must confess I was once mortified to the very centre by her son.—He accompanied me one day to see a female friend of very great respectability, in one of the squares at the west end of the town—I introduced him as a man I had a high respect for—as a man of education.—He was lately returned from abroad, where he had resided some years, and, I most certainly was impressed with a high sense of his attainments;—he did not say much during our stay, but, on taking leave, he expressed himself, in very polite terms, much obliged by the honor of the introduction, &c. observed he had sisters, who he was certain would participate in the pleasure he felt in looking forward to a mutual friendship; and, advancing with much ease, tendered

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what I conceived to be his card.—Card, Sir!—by Heavens! 'twas the bill of the shop.—I felt!—judge, Mundungus, what must have been my feelings on the occasion, to find that he had been all the time begging for an order;—but when he came to the laces, garters, stays, ribbons, &c. &c. I could have knocked his bill and his teeth together down his throat; I flew from the house and have not seen him since.—But this, in my estimation, is only to be ranked amongst minor follies, such as I should not think worthy of notice, only where they may serve to illustrate my general position of universal folly.—No, Sir, you have already perceived I have higher game in view, and the field is so large, and the game so plentiful, that I have only to pick and cull at leisure.—

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You are now at an age, Mundungus, when the mind is liable to be biassed by first impressions.—Prevention is better than cure—and I know of no better way of prevention, than to endeavour to hold up to ridicule, such characters as it may be prejudicial to you to adopt.—I have been in the habit of making my observations on *men and manners* for nearly half a century, and I unhesitatingly pronounce the influence of folly to be now at its *acmé*.—I shall endeavour to prove this, as objects necessary for my purpose rise in succession;—but I shall save myself some trouble by taking you to a few societies, or institutions, in town, where, if prejudice has not bound your eyes with a triple fillet, you must agree with the position I have laid down.—You shall accompany me this

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evening to a grand debate at the ORIGINAL *Athenian Forum, or Temple of Eloquence*, where you will find some hundreds of wide-mouthed gasping fools, swallowing the heterogeneous, poll-parrot rote of the Stentorian Sheers; whose lungs of leather are, perhaps, kept in full play for an hour, in proving, that impertransibility and imperviousness have a different meaning, and that there is no analogy between them, although the poor silly fool is so little acquainted with the real meaning of the words, that he cannot ever pronounce them; but what does that signify, Johnny Bull is an easy fool, and swallows his senseless jargon as a *hog does swill*. It is of no consequence what he brays about, provided he makes noise enough,—and there can be no fear of a bandy-legged

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ailor just reeking from the shop-board, or, a wry-necked pounder of drugs let loose from the counter, possessing elegance of attitude, sufficient to "suit the action to the word."—Their persons and expressions are of a piece,—the worst part of the business is, that many poor devils are so infatuated with the honors of horritorry—as to leave a good business, by which they might steer their bark comfortably through the current of life, to arrive at the honor of hopening a debate.—The consequence is, that their families, if they have any, who take no share in the ambition which pervades the Cicero, are starving; and as all cannot be leading orators, their motto is "Aut Cæsar aut nullus."—The successful candidates, although in the receipt of many, many

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hillings, sacked from their credulous audience, do not save enough to maintain their family—no, no; their money is expended in their different meetings;—who would hesitate a moment about expending the last shilling in the company of Crito, Junius, Tiberius, Gracchus, Flagellantus, &c. &c.?—A wife and family, indeed!—The modern Roman school knows them not; it has got too large a sprinkling of the Turkish domestic regulation in it to cast a thought upon them.—The situation of the unsuccessful one is deplorable in the extreme;—by the time reflection has shewn him the folly of his *air-drawn bubble,*—he has discovered that his trade is gone,—his family starving,—and poverty and a jail stare him in the face, without he has a wife who is, fortunately for him,

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equal to the management of his business. One of these mad enthusiasts, a son of the thimble, being bit by a brother sheers, was determined to exchange the shop-board for the rostrum,—and, accordingly, made his debut at the temple I have just mentioned.—The question for debate was, "Ought not all wives to be considered as passive instruments in the hands of their husbands, who, by law, are their lords and masters,—and rank only as domestic conveniences, explained fully in the Turkish laws relating thereto?"—Our "*Fresh man*" gave a loose here to his rhetorical powers;—he played the devil with a vengeance amongst the weaker sex, and bore down all opposition to the question in the affirmative.—Applause, in claps

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loud as thunder, accompanied his fiat, on consigning the other sex to a state of Mahometan vassallage; nor did he recover from his intoxication until a complete drubbing, on his return home, from his indignant rib, who had followed him to the scene of his triumph, not only sobered him, but effectually put a period to his *flumen ingenii* flow of eloquence;—but if you like it better in verse, take it, such as it is—

SNIP AND HIS RIB;

A

KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT,

OR TALE.

Jerry Snip was a tailor of credit and fame,
That's to say, as a workman, he bore a good name;
For a coat or a waistcoat, he'd fit to a T,
And for small clothes, a better you'd ne'er wish to see.

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He'd the good luck to marry a notable wife;
A difficult bargain to meet with in life!!——
So easy, contented, so happy was Jerry,
So civil, so quiet, so quaint, and so merry,
You rarely wou'd meet, whether sober or mellow,
So good a companion, so pleasant a fellow.

Till one day he accomp'nied, predestin'd by fate,
A friend to the *Forum*, to hear a debate,
In which Crito and Dolly Bull hotly contended,
The state was so rotten it ought to be mended,
Whilst Brutus, Tiberius, and Pompey *the little*,
Hit the opposite argument off to a tittle,
And so bother'd the brains of the poor simple Jerry,
Who was lately so quiet, so quaint, and so merry,
That you hardly cou'd tell whether sober or mellow,
Was this pleasant companion, this hearty good fellow.

Now fir'd by ambition, his head is quite full,
Of our wrongs as a nation, the *rights of John Bull!!*
And from morning to night 'mongst this comical set,
He would d---n the red book, and quote Francis
B---d---tt.

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Whilst his trade was neglected, without hesitation,
For what was his shop---to *the good of the Nation!!!*
In short now so alter'd was Orator Jerry,
Who before was so quiet, so quaint, and so merry,
What once rank'd respectable, sober, or mellow,
Was chang'd to a wild, raving, mad-headed fellow.

A question at length put an end to his reign,
And restor'd him to peace, and his shopboard again;—
'Twas one where he argued all wives were but tools,
Of passive convenience, by Mahomet's rules—
And ought to be rank'd so, nay more, that their station
In life, was t'obey the great lords of creation.
Opposition was feeble to Orator Jerry,
Who bore all before him in strains quaint and merry,
And his hearers all cried, when he ended his bellow,
That the Forum ne'er saw such a wonderful fellow.

No sooner return'd from the Hall of Debate,
Was Jerry, than Jenny fell foul of his pate.

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"Why, you hop o'my thumb!"--You settle the Nation!!
"You master o'er me!"---You a lord of creation!"---
Then with joint stool and ladle so 'labour'd his scull
He soon forgot Crito, and eke Dolly Bull.
With tears in his eyes, poor disconsolate Jerry,
Who two hours before was so quaint and so merry,
Curs'd the hour when he first 'gan to rant and to bellow,
And aspire to the name of a wonderful fellow.

With earnest intreaty he begg'd she'd refrain,
And the hall might be d——d—he'd ne'er see it again,
To his shopboard he'ed stick, for the rest of his life,
And think on nought else, save his trade and *his wife!*
[word—
They kiss'd—they were friends—Jerry still keeps his
And in comfort and peace is now rich as a lord.
Now so easy, contended, so happy, is Jerry,
So civil, so quiet, so quaint, and so merry,
You rarely will meet, whether sober or mellow,
So good a companion—so pleasant a fellow.

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Mundungus.—Poor devil! I dare say he would, indeed, remember his wife as long as he lived.—But do you not consider such institutions as dangerous in a political point of view?

Grumblerius.—No; they are too contemptible to be viewed with danger in such light; and are only deserving of notice as an emporium for fools.—How ridiculously contemptible to see a woman—a great, fat, greasy, tallow, ketch of a woman—waddle up to the rostrum, and, with the grace and lungs of a Billingsgate, harangue on the national defence act, for hours together.—Her speeches are, of course, written for her; and, by shameless effrontry, and some portion of memory, she contrives to gull her audience into a belief of her possessing consummate talents.—

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'Tis of no consequence whether she strays from the subject or not, whether she raves about "seas of milk, or ships of amber" —where sound is preferred to sense.— I have heard her exclaim—"Oh, that Dihogenis were here; what would he say to such a scene of confusion; would not he enjoy it, think you?"—for Dihogenis I suppose she meant Demosthenes.—This was addressed to an audience of "all talkers and no hearers," and while the noise and uproar was a little above par—I mean the par of noise of the Stock Exchange on a busy day,—in a bull and bear engagement where a hundred fools are ranged on one side, ready to *humbug* (I beg pardon for the word, but I have not a better) the like quantity on another,— where every trick is resorted to to make

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money, except usury;—but I shall touch upon this art in another place, and shew you how cunning people may overshoot the mark, and how, by venturing too far, —they make rods for their * * *

METHODIST MEETINGS.

I shall now proceed to point out what appears to me to be an evil that has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished;—I mean those mad sectarists, called methodists: and in doing this, Mundungus, I do not wish to enter into any religious disquisition—but to shew the incalculable evil to be apprehended from the folly of such self-called, self-created, self-interested, locusts;—who swarm, in the present day, through every city, town,

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village—nay every part of the discovered habitable globe.—Any poor, crazy, fool, now-a-days, any half-starved journeyman baker, brewer, shoe, blanket, or member-mug maker, starts to view; he has had a call, as Mr. Squintum says, and it is not requisite for him to be able to read a chapter in the bible;—the more ignorant he is, the stronger the influence of the spirit is! He first sets out in the fields; and, mounted on a tub, deals hell and damnation, on one side, and Heaven and salvation on the other, about him, with a liberal hand.—His mouth is full of saving grace, faith without works, and all the common-place cant which may answer his purpose, of confusing, instead of convincing, the mob of fools who surround him.—He now obtains a chapel, wrung

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from the half-starved families of his wretched hearers, on each of whom he levies a weekly stipend—that is, from such as are his own flock---his chosen,---Good Heaven! is not this blasphemy?---how has he had a call?—does he mean to say he acts by inspiration? How offensive it must be in the sight of Heaven to see men boldly usurp an office which even our blessed Saviour did not?—How would such a fellow as this construe the following passage—" Verily, verily, I say unto you, " he that entereth not by the door into " the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some " other way, the same is a *thief* and a *rob-* " *ber.*" If, as we have been taught to believe, a clergyman ought to be versed in a knowledge of the original tongues, profane history, logic, metaphysics, the

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general grounds of natural philosophy, &c. &c. with what contempt must we turn away from a foolish madman, who "thus adulterates the words of God with impure mixtures, making a merchandize of the souls of men,"—aye, and of their bodies too!—A friend of mine, in the city, was obliged to place his only daughter under the wing of the chancellor, to keep her out of the harpy-fangs of one of these teachers of the word.—Hearing she would be possessed of large property, he tickled her ears with sprigs of saving-grace, and so dazzled the weak mind of the silly young fool, that another days delay would have put it out of the father's power to save her. This is a practice which is as common as the revolving day and night, and I could quote instances without end of

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their success.—However, this I do not hesitate to say, that so far from their houses being what one set had the blasphemy to put over the door, and now continues there, "*The House of God*"— it is little better than a mart for intrigue, and the plotting, if not perpetrating, every species of depravity;—what can we think of the love feasts of a parcel of fellows kicking and rolling a poor devil of a lass on the floor, as a prelude to initiation? What are we to think of exclamations such as "Prick her to the heart!"—and this too when the candles are all out?—"Oh! shame where is thy blush!"—I will not attempt to shew whether vice or folly predominate here, but a set of greater hypocrites than the self-elected brayers I have just mentioned, and a more con-

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spicuous mass of fools than those who suffer themselves to be thus gulled, I do not believe exist.—Might not one with propriety stick up the following against these disgraceful receptacles: " My house shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a *den of thieves.*" I will now relate to you a fact which happened to one of their missionaries in America.

THE

MISSIONARY AND INDIAN.

A gospel preacher, who in the hot bed
Of the New England States was born and bred,
Had got the cant fanatic all by rote,
And preach'd extempore---not e'en a note.
Deep in his nostrils, he'd the nasal twang,
No fist like his the cushion so cou'd bang.

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Where *he* held forth, in flocks, old women ran,—
They never heard, before, so fine a man.
Such was his fame;—the only thing he got—
For riches, tho' he lov'd them, he had not—
Saints thick as mushrooms o'er the States appear'd,
Each shaving close, or singing t'others beard.
To shear *his* flock, he tried all he could do,
But 'twas as we say here—"*I'se Yorkshire too.*"
Though from one sect t'nother he did veer,
Some other had the congregation's ear.
Religion, oft'ner than his clothes, he'd change,—
With Baptist or with Anabaptist range.
Uni--and Trini--tarians were the same—
Arians and Necessarians, when turn came.
At last, disown'd by all, he'd not a place,
Of public worship where to shew his face.
In shambles, on the butchers blocks he'd mount;
In fields—on tubs, but small was the account.
To his wits end it did the preacher drive,
His worldly matters did no better thrive.
At length, the ways of savages to mend,
The *pious* government resolv'd to send,

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Some missionaries who might pray and preach,
And civ'lization to the Indians teach :—
In other words, to get them under thumb,
And purchase all their hunting grounds for rum.
Our preacher offer'd, and was sent away;
Four hundred dollars was his yearly pay ;—
'Twas no great thing, but somewhat might be made,
'Mongst his new Indian friends in way of trade :
In rum—tobacco—he laid out his store,
Counting his gains at five for one or more; —
He'd heard who nothing ventures nothing wins,
And so he drove a decent trade for skins.
Once, on a Sunday, he would preach and pray,
And made hard bargains every other day.
The Indians were so often by him bit,
They said the devil had not half his wit.
The limpid stream so overcame his rum,
The Indians saw that " it no make drunk come—
" No makee ting and dance, and place run round—
" No makee tagger—tumble on de ground."
Ungrateful rogues ! Our preacher found no fault,

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With any of the skins and furs they brought.
He took them all, the little with the large,
First made the Indians drunk—then made his charge;
So heavy were his chalks, that one wou'd think
He made them pay, to warn them not to drink.
When they'd their money's worth, and senses clear,
They'd cry "*Rum vera good, but debblish dear!*"
Fortune's full blaze now shone upon his lot;
A new appointment soon our preacher got:
Eight hundred dollars was the stipend clear.
The time to leave his flock did now draw near;—
A farewell sermon the occasion brought,
Wherein he hop'd they'd mind what he had taught.
'Twas grief to leave them, for he lov'd them all,
But he must follow GOD ALMIGHTY'S CALL.
An Indian rising, when to th' end he came,
Cried, "*Massa Walkee,* (Walker was his name)
"Pray, now, how mush you get for preachee here?"
"*Four* hundred dollars," he replied, "a-year."
"Well, Massa Walkee, ven you go great way,
"Where God-a-mightee call, how mush your pay?"
"*Eight* hundred dollars," he replies, "a-year."
"Ah! lookee, Massa Walkee, lookee dere—

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(The Indian cries, and archly shakes his head;)

" Money draw you, like crow de horse dat's dead.—

" When God-a-mightee call from four to eight,

" Den Massa Walkee hear,—him follow straight!

" But God-a-mightee call from eight to four,

" No Massa Walkee hear—if God should roar!"

Now, how can you wonder at the want of success in many of the missionary schemes, when such are the primary objects these "*shirtless elves*" have in view; and where it is so very conspicuous, that even the poor Indian, who has only nature, and his own feelings, for guides, perceives it?

Mundungus.—I admit the truth of your remark; but there are still many, very many good, not to say great, characters amongst them.

Grumblerius.—I allow that: it is only

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the illiterate, idle vagabonds, that I allude to, whose laziness will not allow them to work, and have recourse to this fanatical system of swindling, to maintain themselves in luxury at the expense of their foolish neighbours: but we will dismiss this subject, and turn our attention to mock auctions, and cheap shops,—most excellent resorts for fools!—where such bargains are to be met with as will astonish you.—Bargains! oh, sweet tickling word, intended to lull suspicion asleep, how fortunate hast thou been! It is surprizing to me that so few housekeepers start up in the present day, when household furniture is to be bought for a mere nothing, —so says Mr. Tickle, and I will shew how far Mr. Tickle may be credited: we will suppose you want a bed, a set of

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tables, or chairs; well, you attend his sale—you fix your choice upon articles that you think will suit—they are put up---and, at a mere trifle, you bid;---again---a pause ensues---and whilst you are felicitating yourself that the gentle hammer is descending "*pour vous*," unfortunately, an old lady has taken fancy to the lot, and interferes with an impertinent advance;---however, they are not at one-third their value, and you bid again—ten shillings!—a cursed responsive ten shillings, from your opponent, follows, like thunder after lightning;—you are staggered;—the hammer is elevated! if it descends—it is in favor of your antagonist, think of that;—your next neighbour jogs your elbow, not to suffer the goods to be taken away by one who he believes is a debtor—wishes he

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wanted them—they are a charming lot—and if any one knows the value of them it must be your opponent;—your pride now overwhelms your caution—if you have any—nay, it becomes a point of interest as well as pique not to be out-bidden;—after a few more ten shillings, and—I thank you, Sir,—the lot is your's! Happy man! you pay for it on delivery, and find, when you get it home, that you have given more for it than you could purchase new for;---to add to your mortification you also discover that the curious old lady who had taken such a fancy to them, and your kind adviser to the purchase, are two suborned wretches, in the employ of Mr. Tickle---that the auction was only a mock one, and that yourself, and three or four other fools, are the only purchasers out of

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the numerous bidders that surrounded you.

Mundungus.—This brings to my recollection the complaint of a friend of mine, who was placed in the predicament you have stated, but does not, to this hour, think he was cheated, but that he suffered from another person having taken a fancy to the same lot;—you have explained it very clearly, and I shall take an early opportunity of undeceiving him on the subject. —But now, if you please, for the cheap shops, as I perceive numbers bearing that title here.

Grumblerius. — Numbers, indeed! — nothing is more common than for a shop to be opened with—"The Stock of a Bankrupt selling off under prime-cost, for the benefit of the creditors."—If this

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tickling bait will not bring the trouts—it is anointed with " The Stock must be cleared in three days:"—this is surrounded by " This cambric only 10d. per yard;"—" this furniture only 4½*d.* per yard—warranted *to wash*;"—" those elastic drawers only 7*d*;"—" these *invisible* petticoats only 11½*d.*—a large assortment to be *seen* within."—Why, if the fools do not bite now—nay gorge—the devil's in them.—Well, you must enter; you must buy a little cambric.—10*d.* a yard is nothing!—" Pray, Sir, cut me off 10 yards."—" Yes mem."—Only think of 10 yards of cambric for 8*s.* and 4*d.* and which, upon my veracity, was so fine that it refused any connection with the needle and thread; it scorned to be made up into any thing but —tinder!—but I don't think it was the

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cambric's fault;—had a lady bought it, I have no doubt it would have behaved as kindly as its appearance bespoke:—but for a clumsy, two-fisted wife of a drayman to think of wearing a cambric gown and petticoat! because she could have them for 8*s.* 4*d.*—No! it was not to be borne.—No sooner had it, with great difficulty, been formed into a gown—no sooner had her dense ladyship thrown it across her fair, fat, shoulders, than it evinced the indignant sense it entertained of its degradation by "Grinning most horribly a ghastly smile" of contempt, in fifty unseemly fissures down her broad back.—Another plan is started which promises a plentiful harvest to the projectors: two shops are opened, in the same street, which outvie any thing I have yet stated in bargains.—They purport

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to have no connection with any other shop —to sell silk at the price of dowlas— "filthy dowlas"—and, for ready money only; to let you have five guineas worth of goods for one golden picture of his present majesty — God bless it!—and, in some instances, they keep their word,—but it is only throwing away a sprat to catch a mackrel,—You will wonder how they keep up their stock of bargains—as they advertise it as the stock of a bankrupt;—cart loads of goods are brought in at midnight, and, whilst there are fools left to buy penny-worths, *manet æternumque manebit*, it abideth and ever will abide—at present it is difficult to pass the door for the immense crowds of fools who are hanging about the trap—where, to say nothing of the nuisance such an assemblage must

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be in one of the most public streets in London, 'tis a hundred to one but your pocket is picked without, whilst the same trade is going on within.—Now, what do you say, Mundungus, to cheap shops?

Mundungus.—Say? why, if you are sincere, and I have no cause to question your veracity, I must say, that—*crescit in singulos dies stultorum numerus*—fools grow more numerous every day.

Grumblerius.—Oh! oh!—a sprig of Latin!—come, I have now some hopes of you; why, if you want more fools I can produce them, "*thick as blackberries:*" what is the man who lays out his money in *Light and Heat Shares, Sub-marine Expeditions, Croyden Canals,* and a hundred more profitable speculations, (which, at *some time,* are to pay thousands

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per cent.) till he has expended his last guinea, and is literally starving in the midst of such possessions?—why a fool!—What is he who, at the age of seventy, marries a frisky young jade of eighteen, and boasts of having a fine child within the year?—What is he who gives half his estate for a parcel of old pots and pans, which have been infused in chamber lye, or lees, buried only a few months before, and hangs himself on discovering his housekeeper has scoured all his old armour till it is as bright as a stew pan, and darned all his old tattered banners so neatly that you cannot discover where a bullet has perforated?—What is he who runs after the advertisements of Martin B—— Mitchell, and other Arundel-Street heroes, in preference to a regular practioner?—He who swallows

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their lies, as he swallows their pills—by the dozen?—Why fools!—fools!—But I will proceed, if I can, a little regularly, and state a few of the wonderful cures, as per advertisement, of this emperor of the seventh son, of a seventh son, who claims precedence of all who, at present, do exist,—nay, all who ever have existed.

Imprimis:—The D—— of P——d, cured of an inveterate *itch*, (to play the old woman) by only holding my famous reflecting mirror to his face, and taking one small box of my Anti-Zany pills.—Note—one pill is a dose!

L--d C---- ----h—laboured for a long time under an affliction of sight, vulgarly called squinting, by looking so long at two opposite objects at the same time—now in a fair way of recovery, by taking my

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supposed, by all the faculty, to labour under a redundancy of bile, occasioned, it was said, by the perverseness of his servants—immediately relieved by a strong dose of my grand purge *catholicum crucifixio*.

☞ N. B.—No symptoms of a return of this disorder.

The R——t Hon. R. B. S——n was given over in a *decline*, by having made too free with other people's pockets; —prescribed a month's confinement in Bedlam, with his creditors; now in a *fair way* of recovery.

L——d S--m---h—dreadfully afflicted with an *omnium skitterum*, from having swallowed so much of his own medicines; cured by my *aqua styptica*, washed well about the *rectum*, and taking, three times

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a day, (for a week only) one table spoonful of my grand *anti-stultitia elixir.*

D--e of Q——s——y—aged eighty years—long laboured under a perpetual furor,—or love flame,—cured by my grand *anti priapisionum electuary,* so effectually, that he is now as modest, quiet, and virtuous, a soul, as ever lived.

N. B.—I had nothing to do with the lacteal prescription, which only made him worse, though it improved the milk.

Mr. P-----l had been troubled, ever since he left school, with a sort of *vermiculatis*—that is, infested with worms; and such ravages had they made in his abdominal vessels that his face had become cadaverous—many great men in the vermifugus line had been applied to without effect; nay, even the doctor of all doc-

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tors in Shoreditch and Long-Acre, was called in—but all his nostrums were vain—and this prodigy of wit and learning was fast hastening to "*his fathers,*" when I was introduced to him.—I quickly discovered the real cause;—gentlemen and ladies! would you believe it?—I extracted, *id est,* destroyed, no less than twenty different descriptions, or classes, of these reptiles; amongst which were the Tinia, Cassus, Lumbricus intestorum, Cicindela, Bombyx, Cæcilia, vermis terrinus, (book worm, canker worm, belly worm, glow worm, silk worm, slow worm, *earth,* or *muck,* worm) besides an immense quantity of the vermiculus, or lesser worms!! The struggle, to be sure, was hard, for these locusts had so fastened themselves upon him that, to an ordinary practitioner, the

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attempt seemed desperate; however, you must have seen, by this time, ladies and gentlemen, that it is not a trifle can daunt me—but, to be brief;—my pulvis vermifus, and anti-vermatic powders, performed Herculean wonders;—in one month I cleaned out this Augean stable, and the patient now boasts a complexion, and a regularity of countenance, that might vie with the *face of blooming* Paris of old.

S-r H—— P———was infected with an unconquerable itch for smuggling—that is, he was one of those who—*sine portorii solutione, invehit*—one who imports goods without paying the duty;—nay, to such a pitch had he carried his extravagant desires, that, I am told, not only his house in the country, but also his house in town, were crammed with tobacco,

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musk, teas, coffee, nay, with every article of barter, from an Indian shawl to a button nut.—Luckily I happened to have about me some of my astonishing elixir of integritas, which, with an ointment I brought from Buenos Ayres, produced such a revolution in the man that he not only gave up to revenue a cargo of inestimable value, but is so scrupulously just, and honorable, that he never drinks a glass of wine at a coffee house, or a friend's, without enquiring if the duty is paid.

E--l G—y, L--d W-ls--gh-m, Mr. W--d-m, Sir F. B--dett, G-n—l P---n-y, D-ct-r L-w—e, are now under my hands for different disorders.—When cured—which, with the blessing of Esculapius, I have no fear of —I shall publish a new list;—in the mean

time, I shall, for the present, only refer you to two more, though I could produce a thousand if necessary—but a *word* to the *wise* is enough; and, *omnia veritas præ-valebit.* Melville

L--d M-l---e—troubled with an obstinate *palma pruritus*, or itching palm, which had spread to such a degree as to threaten a *creak in the neck*—he applied to me, when I discovered that he had let the disorder run to an incalculable length, and it presented obstacles to a common professor highly alarming;—however, *nil desperandum*, I undertook his cure; and a strong dose of my *Intire* julap, and my grand styptical poultice of *white bread*, I put a stop, in a *few days*, to the influence of the malady, and I have not heard of any returning symptoms.—For the truth of

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this apply in Chiswel Street at any hour in the day!!

The R——t Hon. Geo. R--e—was cured by me of a complication of disorders, consisting of *furor sinecuriani*, the evil, (not the king's evil, I believe;) and a most terrible gout, accompanied by an equally terrible Saint Anthony's fire—these two last disorders, I am told, were contracted by a severe bout of drinking with the late Mr. Vortex of glorious memory!!!—But of this I do not pretend to make affidavit—for the whole of the above stated list of cures were *bona fide* performed by me, and must convince the most sceptical man in the universe of my powers; it must be obvious to every one that I do not deal in puffs, and that a

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more modest list never met the eye of a generous and discriminating public.—

☞ Apply, in person, (or by letter, inclosing *a bank note)* at my house in the Strand, from nine in the morning 'till nine at night.

N. B. A light in the passage.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA!

Now, if this fail, why the devil, indeed, is in them! But this is not the last resource; do you suppose that advertisements are the only crutches on which they hobble along the road to fame, and, what is better than fame, to riches?—No! if the fools only nibble, but will not gorge the bait, the following dose is administered.—This hero of the deaths of

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thousands, endeavours to form acquaintance with a regular physician; the quack invites him to dinner—it is accepted,—for I never knew an M. D. refuse such an offer;—after feasting most sumptuously, on the "*spoils of the slain*," their conversation is interrupted by the entrance of a shark, hired for the purpose, who cants through the nose a long string of *prepared* thanksgiving for the benefits received from taking the medicines of the nostrum-monger—relates, in something like this *manner, his late deplorable case*:

"About two years ago, from cold, and irregularity of living, I contracted a very dreadful sciaticæ, or lumbago, or rheumatism;—or by getting under the hands of an unskilful man—whilst suffering from a *lues*—I was so reduced that my most

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intimate friends did not know me;—my bones appeared through the flesh in several places, and life had become a burden to me.—All advice had been resorted to, but in vain, when Heaven sent me a newspaper, in which I read of a case similar to mine that was cured by your pills.---Although I despaired of relief in this world, my friends advised me to make a trial of one box,---when, thanks to the merciful father of goodness, and yourself, I found instantaneous relief.---I now sent for a dozen boxes, which brought me to the state you now see me in.---Gratitude for such a blessing has prompted me to break through all forms to pour out my effusions of heartfelt thanks, and to request you will, for the benefit of mankind, make this cure as public as it deserves to be.—

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Oh, Sir! surely Heaven, in pity to suffering mortals, inspired you with the wonderful secret." The scene that would follow must be obvious;—the M. D. is astonished when a few days after he reads an account in the newspapers of the transaction, and perceives he is included as a witness;—he cannot deny the fact, and thus stamps respectability on the nefarious impostors. And this is one of the ways of appearing well dressed with a pocket full of guineas, and a head as empty as the drawers of a bankrupt the day after the sale of his effects. But there is nothing more easy than to procure a supply of cash, if one has only a good dress on;—a fashionable, easy air and address, is a safe passport into the houses of most of our *sharping flats* of tradesmen's houses,

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—if one may be allowed such an apparently paradoxical expression as sharping flat,—but I mean such characters as overreach themselves in endeavouring to overreach others.—One of these well-dressed gentry, who are always upon the look-out for a bait, had the address to fasten himself upon the acquaintance of a friend of mine, and accompanied him one day to his bootmaker—where he ordered half a dozen pair of boots.—The man, upon the strength of his being in my friend's company, which he afterwards declared he considered as an introduction, sent them home without hesitation.—The shark, as may be imagined, eagerly seized them, and converted the prize into "*the spanish*" by selling 'em to a petty son of Crispin; and, although in a court

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of *law*, at all events, of *equity*, I do not conceive my friend would have been cast, yet the odium of being considered a partner in the business, or shame at its being discovered he was so duped in his acquaintance, induced him to pay a considerable *douceur* to the man to hush up the business: however, the poor devil has paid so severely for getting into bad company that I do not think he is likely soon to take to himself a new chum. But that he is not the only one who has been similarly circumstanced, the following tale will show:

THE BISHOP.

A bishop and a courtezan,
No matter how they got together;
By chance, or preconcerted plan;
By stress of love, or stress of weather:

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Suffice it that they seated were
On evening late in an alcove;
My lord a learn'd astronomer;—
The lady better learn'd in love.

Silent some time the couple sat,
Until the moon refulgent bright,
Arose;—Corinna then to chat
Began, with "What a lovely night!

"On such a night as this, I ween,
"Prince Paris sail'd away with Helen;
"Though afterwards 'twas thought the Queen
"Wish'd herself back at Spartan dwelling.

"The beau repented, too, that he
"A business such had underta'en;
"But if my lord wou'd take off me,
"He wou'd not wish me back again."

The spangl'd sky so much absorbs
His lordship's mind he did not hear her;
But, crying out, "Celestial orbs!"---
Corinna drew a little nearer.

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Thinking to her address'd must be
Such praise, she threw aside her cloak,
That he her semi-orbs might see,
Not doubting but of those he spoke.

" Thee, Cynthia, next unto the Sun
" In brightness, (for what star so bright?)
" With rapture thee I gaze upon,
" And cou'd gaze on the live long-night."

" I shall grow proud of so much praise,
" Proud of the little charms I've got:
" But will you nothing do but gaze,
" Eh? My lord bishop, shall we not---?"

The prelate not attending to
The overture Corinna made,
The farce equivocal went through,
And she misconstru'd all he said.

" I can descry, without a glass,
" Thy face; and certain places, which
" For eyes and nose and mouth may pass,
" And do indeed in vulgar speech.

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" How fair these mountains which I see!
" Whiter than any snow I wis,
" That spot which seems so black to be,
" Is that the *Mare Nectaris?*"

" My lord, I scarcely understand
" What 'tis you say;---to whom you speak!
(But with her alabaster hand,
Patting the while his rev'rend cheek.)

" Though Mary Nickter not my name is,
" If you will try me---who can tell,
" Whate'er her excellence or fame is,
" Corinna may do just as well."

Which saying, without more ado,
She plac'd herself upon his knee,
And threw her arms around him too,
And kiss'd him most familiarly.

As one awaking from a dream
Wou'd shrink, if he shou'd chance to see
A tygress make a spring at him,
So shrunk our good Saint Anthony.

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"Hence, temptress, hence,—I say! avaunt!
"Your meretricious tricks I know:
"Go to some other—young gallant,
"I am too old,—too wise I trow!"

Corinna found this wou'd not do;
Nothing cou'd warm the Anchoret;
She must some other scheme pursue,
Or she was like no cash to get.

Women have so much ready wit,
Whether on good or evil bent,
That instantaneously she hit
Upon this new experiment.

Taking her 'kerchief from her poke,
She drew it thrice across her eyes,
Making believe she wept;* then spoke,
Thus interrupted by her sighs.

* ——Manuque simul veluti lackrymantia tasit
Lumina. OVID. METAMORPH.

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" Does not your lordship love me, then,
" After what pass'd between us?" " No!"
" Oh, these perfidious creatures, men;
" And bishops, too, can they be so?

" After the intimacy which—"
" What says, what means, the Jezebel?"
" Divines who love and honor preach,
" And Heav'n——Go, go, you imp of hell!"

" I'll go; but first, my rev'rend lord,
" Make me a present.—Where's your purse?
" Your'e rich enough—you can afford
" To give—" " Nothing, unless it be a curse!"

" Five guineas!—You can't give less
" For a fine woman's company;—
" Besides, in truth, I'm in distress—
" T'will be an act of charity.

" Lord Minikin gives full as much,
" Oft as he visits canker court.
" Only five guineas.—Come, come; touch—
" This hand with them.—I'll kiss you for't."

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" I'll have no kisses, on my life;
" I fear thy breath alone shou'd give
" Infection: Harlot! I've a wife!"—
" Harlots as well as wives must live.

" So no more words, my lord, but pay;
" Handsomely too, let me advise you;
" For if you let me go away,
" Without my dues, I'll advertise you.

" Much to your reverence's fame
" It will redound, when known that you,
" So late at night, to meet me came;
" And, having kiss'd me, bilk'd me too.

" Perhaps you will so hardy be,
" To tell your friends 'tis all a lie;
" That you've had nought to do with me;—
" But can you prove an alibi?"

" Oh! you're an artful hussey!" says
My lord: " But rightly serv'd am I.
" Here, take my purse;—One always pays
" For being in bad company."

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Grumblerius.—In the next list of follies I place what are called benefit-societies, and to which I beg to call your attention, whilst I point out to you such particulars respecting them as have fallen under my observation, for, I think, I shall be able to prove to you, that they do not, by any means, rank inferior to those which have preceded them. To such an excess have these traps for stray shillings swelled, that scarce an alehouse in or about town is without them: it is scarce possible to enter one of them without being annoyed by a placard, stuck up in every box, announcing the thrice wonderful advantages to be derived from merely contributing, monthly, a poor solitary half-crown,—why, 'tis nothing!—and, for this inconsiderable trifle, they guarantee to you a com-

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petency, during illness;— and the comforts of independency after a certain number of years.— This is a tempting bait;— this reads fair!— But mark the consequence:— draw for one instant the veil aside, and observe the little crouching deceiver behind it. — You enter your name;— pay your stipulation for a certain time, until you are, what they call, free;— that is to say, are entitled to claim, in case of sickness, from this *benevolent* society.—Why, Sir, nineteen times out of twenty that you make application, you are informed that so many sick are upon the books, you can only, for the present, receive a mere stipend, hardly the simple interest of what you have sunk; and which, had you preserved, would have enabled you to purchase immediate com-

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forts.—If you investigate the causes of failure, you will have tendered to you a long bill for repairs of room;— a new box;— printing regulations;— advertisements; and last, though not least, the secretary's salary;—besides items, like the stay tape and buckram of a tailor's bill.— But the worst part of this business is, that it draws many an honest, industrious mechanic from his economical pursuits, and tempts him to waste his time in these pernicious receptacles for idleness and dissipation:—however guarded he may be, on his first entry on the business, the force of bad example, by degrees overpowers all his better resolves; and I can, I have little doubt, point out some hundreds of this description, who have suffered materially, if not fallen sacrifices to

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the temptation;—and this is an evil which has also extended to the lower classes of the female sex.—It is no uncommon thing to behold fifty "prudent sisters," "benevolent matrons," "careful wives," or "provident spinsters," with each a noggin of gin—imperial gin—before them, drinking health to one another, and success to their glorious Institution!—The landlord is not one of those *fools* who officiously intermeddle;—no, no!—he is paid for his liquor (if even out of the box)—and "*the more the merrier*" is his motto.

Mundungus.—Is it possible that such can be the picture you have drawn of those highly-extolled societies (I will confess I have read the eulogiums only in the bill) which profess so much?

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Grumblerius.—And perform so little; or perform as I have pointed out. In the next list of fools, I think I may venture to place such as run after great speculations; such as promise now, for instance, to yield many hundreds per cent.—nay, some of our daily advertisements not only bear me out in this, but go beyond my assertion, for they, unblushingly, tender some of this description without risk.

[cloud,

" Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's
" Without our 'special wonder ?"

But so it is; and I had a man pointed out to me, a few days back, who had sunk a very comfortable independency on these grand projects; and although he holds considerable shares of every " *wonderful*

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expectancy" that has lately made its appearance, from the invincible "*light and heat*," to the "*tinder manufactory*," he is now literally starving in the midst of such ideal wealth as would have put all Alnascar, the glass-man's, fancies to the blush.

Mundungus.—I have, indeed, remarked myself the astonishing avidity with which all ranks of people catch at any project, however unwise it may be, from probability; but I did not suppose any individual would be fool enough to part with the whole of his certainty for the reverse.

Grumblerius.—I'll tell you what, Mundungus, I have to declare to you I believe the fact;—but I do not perceive anything wonderful or extraordinary in such an act of folly.—I consider a dabbler in lotteries, to the extent I have witnessed, as great

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an instance of folly as the one just mentioned; and their pernicious tendency cannot be too openly exposed. I have nothing to say to them on the score of financial service; but merely censure them as the cause of the ruin of thousands, whilst scarcely an individual of the speculative mass is benefited; — and, indeed, how can it be otherwise, when we examine the schemes, stripped of all the gaudy puff and tinsel which decks them? The risk is evidently so great, and the chance so small, that none but a fool would be so infatuated as to pursue the phantom till my uncle and the lottery office keepers are possessed of the last shilling,— which is daily the case. Hundreds of this description are to be seen running from the pawnbrokers to the gin shop, and

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from the gin shop to the lottery office; from sun-rise to sun-set all their discourse is of lucky numbers—sure dreams—and "doing No. 1 for blank and prize;"—whilst their silly heads are so muddled and confused between the fumes of Geneva, and grand reckonings and calculations, that every thought of honest industry bows before them.—I overheard a conversation lately between two of the above to the following tenor:

—— Good morning Mrs. Fidget!—how is Mr. F. and the little ones?

—— Pretty well, thank you ma'am.—Pray is No. 17 up yet?

—— No; but I shall do it again!—Do you know I dreamt last night that my little Laura Arabella had cut *four* such beautiful teeth whilst we were christening Mrs.

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Dumpling's charming boy, Augustus Hector Algernon—and that the coach we came in was 972.

—— God bless me! won't you do them both? No. 4 and 972 blank and prize,—or to be up to day both prizes?

—— Why, indeed, Mrs. Fidget, I should like it; but I have only eighteen pence left out of my husband's wages, and this is only the second day in the week; for I lost eleven shillings on two such beautiful numbers, and both good dreams too—but I did'nt fancy them so much as these.

—— Oh! why it is but a visit to "my uncle's," and if they come up you can easily make it up; but I would do it for ten guineas at least.

—— I can send my husband's coat and

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waistcoat, to be sure, for he will not want 'em till Sunday, and it must be up before then—for I'll double it to morrow!

—— That's your sort—well, now we must have a quartern on the strength of it?

—— With all my heart.—Mrs. Dabble,—your good health, and good luck to No. 4 and 972!

—— No. 4 and 972.

Another description of sufferers in this vortex of folly comes under the head of servant maids;—such as aspire to the possession of clothes equal to their mistresses, and ape their manners in every movement.—The lottery is pointed out as the road to procure every essential; and shilling after shilling—pound after pound—is thrown away in the fruitless pursuit.—The

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pawn-broker's assistance is called in, and what pledges they cannot furnish from their own stock are made up from their masters and mistresses.—This game goes on till the maddened fool has witnessed the death of her last hopes.—Ashamed to exhibit to the world a shabbier appearance than she has been accustomed to, she rushes, without further pause, into the gulph of seduction, and thus finishes her career of speculation.—The evil is incalculably great, and the baneful effects are felt in nearly every stage of life.---But whilst we are on the list of speculators, it may not be amiss to take a cursory view of adventurers in Private Theatricals.

Mundungus. — Why, indeed, Sir, I have heard private theatres extolled as excellent schools for forming good come-

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dians, and calculated, in an eminent degree, to polish and refine provincial errors, or such as arise from confined education, &c.

Grumblerius.—Well;—if you will allow me a few moments, I shall be glad to be allowed to give you my opinion upon them, and you will judge for yourself as to the truth of the two pictures. I pronounce them the most dangerous, because, perhaps, the most fascinating, of all the grand emporium of fools; and I shall endeavour to show you, that they are the means of disseminating more vanity, folly, and vice, among the lower classes, than any I have yet had occasion to touch upon. In order to effect this, it will be necessary to take one of its admirers and supporters of each sex;—and in this instance I shall give precedence in folly to a lord of the

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creation.—A city apprentice, hearing of such a society, feels anxious to see it, and procures a ticket;—he attends,—the gingerbread coat—the tinseled crown—the pasteboard armour, and the broomstick truncheon—all—all! fire him with ambition!—He from that hour is resolved to follow the sock and buskin;—an introduction is easily obtained to the old shark of a manager, who smiles on the young gudgeon, and flatters him with a thousand hopes big with air!---The fool's head is now crammed with "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces."---Fame and riches flow before him, and he sees, in idea, the upraised cheering hands of thousands of admiring spectators, pronouncing Garrick a fool to him.---His time is spent in learning his part;---his money (and,

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too often, his master's) in purchasing dresses, and bribing the supple manager to give him "*tip-top characters*" to play; ---and so liberal is he in the latter instance, that five guineas is very fair to have Romeo, sweet, lisping Romeo! for the night.---When his own money fails--- he must either have recourse to his master's or to his neighbour's---it cannot be supposed that his master's interest is in the smallest degree the object of his attention during this scene of folly:---What!--Romeo! Cato!---Juba! Alexander the Great! dealing out figs, oil, candles, and soap!---Oh, horrible! the thought is madness!---What he is obliged to do under the eye of his master is performed in a manner that shews his mind is abstracted from every thought, save his favourite pursuit;---the

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business of the day is a hell to him; and when evening brings a release, he flies to the scene of his approaching ruin, with the transport of a freed debtor. The "fretting and strutting" do not continue long before heavy calls are made upon his purse, for repairs, for rent, and for properties, &c. &c. his infatuation is now at its acmé;—he has not the money! he cannot quit his trammels; and the consequence is, that he seizes upon the means held out to him, by the wretches who surround him,—he purloins to an extent that brings suspicion and detection —and he awakes to reflection,—if ever he does wake,—with the conviction of having a very fair chance of furnishing a second edition of George Barnwell,

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and of making his exit on a stage of a very different description.

A different kind of ambition fires the lady, or the *lady's maid*, who is bit by the theatrical mania.—The object she has principally in view, is, to captivate some longing Romeo with her Juliet—her any thing—except the *Fair Penitent*;---she speculates here for a husband---and spares no expense to procure the cast of such parts as are calculated to shew her to advantage;---nay, 'tis not long since that one of these silly fools, was detected in the act of purloining plate to a considerable amount from her master, and, on being questioned on her trial, avowed that the purposes for which she wanted the money, were to purchase theatrical dresses; and to bribe the manager for the

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parts of Juliet, Lady Townly, and Roxalana!

Mundungus. — Infatuated wretches;—what can they expect to realize?

Grumblerius. — Whatever they may expect, nine times out of ten they fall victims to their vanity; and add to the numerous list of frail unfortunates;---they ought not to expect any thing short of it;---for, from the nature of their dresses, their actions and discourses, vice insensibly takes place of vanity, and they, too late, mourn their dereliction from the situation in life in which they might have moved with credit and comfort to themselves and friends.---Now! which of the two descriptions appears most natural,---*your* panegyric *or my* animadversions?

Mundungus.—Why, upon my word,

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I think a line may be fairly drawn between them. I subscribe to the justice of your remarks---but still cannot help fancying that many instances might be found of such as have owed their first advance on the stage, amongst our most celebrated performers;---but the characters you select——

Grumblerius.—Are fools! and he must be the most egregious fool in existence who embarks in what he neither understands, nor has one single requisite for.

Mundungus.—I am silent.

Grumblerius—I do not wish you to be so;---if you can advance any thing against my position, do so,—if not, I shall proceed in the plan I laid down, and take a peep at the watering places, where I

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shall find grist enough for my mill in all conscience.

Mundungus.—You will much oblige me.

Grumblerius.—In attempting a description of the shoals of fools who annually throw away their own money, or the money of their creditors, in these "jaunts," I may find it convenient to arrange them in the following classes—viz. of such as sport on the occasion,

First.—Their own coach, or viskey.

Second.—The public's coach, *id est*, mail, &c.

Third.—The Hoy.

Fourth.—The convenience of a carriage, which must be sent from the maker, or the livery stables.

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Fifth.—Adam and Eve's ten-toed machine, or the marrow-bone stage.

I want a sixth class, but I can fill that up with blacklegs, bruizers, &c. who pass under the description of such as seize any convenience, from a friendly lift to a ride and tie. The first class will generally be found to consist of antiquated dowagers—who emigrate to prolong, if possible, an idly-spent life, beyond a reasonable span, by artificial means; or of such shrunk-pursed suckers of gentility as have the curse of confined incomes from their own, or their families, extravagancies, annexed to the indispensible clog of being obliged to maintain a certain degree of rank in society.

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Ridiculous perversion of expression! when the full canvas-bag'd citizen sees through, and laughs at, the gauze-woved web of importance, with which these great little, little great, personages attempt to clothe themselves — fools! egregious fools! to suppose they can de-ceive the world by an empty strut, an empty threat, and an empty pocket. The second will come under the description of the higher classes of tradesmen—young bloods—whose pockets are, by wind falls, or other fortuitous chances, fuller than their heads—and are come for the purpose of adding a little more bronze (by Sol's aid, if possible) to their unblushing fronts.—The only gratification they feel is in being noticed on their return as having passed the summer at the watering places, though

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it not unfrequently happens that this latter description, who *dash down* in the mail, "high flushed with the ready," sneak up, in the hoy, *deprived of the needful*;" nay, so well pigeoned, or so completely cleaned out, are these summer flies, (for it rarely happens that the fools will think of returning till the last tester has taken its leave of them) that a merry fellow once laid, and won, a considerable wager, that a half-crown, which he held in his hand, was the largest piece of coin, as to value, of any on board the vessel in which he was returning.

Mundugus.—I am now, indeed, satisfied with your observations; and shall spare you, for the present, your third, fourth, and fifth classes;—if I should

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relapse into scepticism I may call upon you again.

Grumblerius.—Well! I shall have no objection to resume the subject whenever you are *fool* enough to wish it.

THE END.

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